

The End we all must Reach
by WolvesAgainstHumanity

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Summary: Toothless and Hiccup have been companions almost all their lives, exploring far off lands, fighting side by side, discovering new races of dragon, and ultimately keeping the peace between Viking and dragon alive. But what will happen to them both when Hiccup reaches the end of his life? NOT A ROMANCE OR DEATHFIC

1. Chapter 1

I noticed a trend with the death of Hiccup, followed by an incredibly somber/angry/terrifying - fill in the blanks - Toothless. Let me get something straight in saying I don't think anything is wrong with these Fics at all. Actually a lot of them inspired me to write this, mostly because it is a big question I've wanted answered. This was originally supposed to be 2 chapters, but I went into more detail. I have no idea how many it will be now, if I can keep think of cool ideas I like then maybe it'll be longer, if not then oh well.

Rated T just in case - and I think it will reach the biggest audience

Anyway, this is my first Fan Fic so I would appreciate any reviews I could get - I did this all in one night - 5 hours I believe - and the sun just came up and the birds outside my window will seriously not shut the fuck up. I have a big tree outside and its like the halftime show at the Superbowl every. single. sunrise. But I digress. I'm pretty satisfied with it the story overall, I think I captured the essence of each character as they developed and how they would tackle a problem such as this.

**I don't own HTTYD blah blah blah **

**Enjoy! **

Chapter 1:

From the first day Toothless accepted Hiccup as his rider he understood the inevitable conclusion of their friendship. Dragons could live many hundreds of years, vastly outliving humans. Toothless understood this concept with crystal clarity, but meeting Hiccup at such a young age, he never fully grasped the weight behind it. Now, sitting beside Hiccup's bed, as his raspy breath rose and fell in rhythmic increments, that weight bore down heavy on his heart.

Toothless had never been afraid of his own mortality. To him life and death were two sides of the same stone. And besides, nobody was entirely sure what happened after death anyway: the brightest of dragons and humans alike couldn't even begin to scratch the surface. He was sure that whatever came his way, he could handle it. His rider on the other hand was a completely different story.

How will I protect him! Even after all these years Hiccup was still incredibly clumsy. What happened if he stepped on a Gronckle's tail, or fell on top of a Monstrous Nightmare's flank?! What if he met cannibals?

The thought of Toothless meeting cannibals in the after life terrified him more than meeting any dragon.

The last time Hiccup and I encountered the people who grew a taste for human flesh; it was a pretty terrifying situation. Hiccup could communicate with dragons better than he could people. And at least a dragon has pride. You would never catch a dragon eating another dragon. And the Red Death does not count as a dragon, more a monster.

This was not a new fear for me. When Hiccup began to grow his first few white hairs I realized this chapter of Hiccup's life was slowly coming to a close. Hiccup understood this also, although he never showed it. Even though his human was very capable with a weapon, and had all the survival skills to brave the wildness, whatever happened in the after life he feared his human would be ill prepared for. Because of this Toothless decided to force Hiccup into combat training — something Hiccup was never found of him for doing.

Days were spent refusing to take Hiccup into the air until he had practiced with a sword, mace, ax, shield, spear, bow and arrow, hand to hand, rocks. Yes, I forced Hiccup to train with rocks one day. I'm just trying to make sure all his bases were covered; it was life after death, nothing could be ruled out.

Other days, when the more stubborn aspects of Hiccup showed and he refused to practice combat of any sort, and I understood he wasn't going to give in, I'd kidnap Hiccup and take him out into the middle of nowhere, refusing to take him back until he practiced.

At one incredibly stubborn point we both spent a week out in the wilderness, during the coldest part of winter. Hiccup was so cold and pitted with rage at me that eventually when he broke and picked up his ax, he fought like I had never seen before. Each swing, step, and movement was perfectly balanced, strong and accurate; a glint was in Hiccup's eye like I had never seen before.

Somewhere between, "I hate this stupid dragon", and "I'm going to

kill this stupid dragon".

All in all it was reassuring.

_At least I know that with enough rage Hiccup could defend himself, as long as his enemy took him out into the middle of the woods during the coldest part of winter and patiently waited for his inner Viking to break loose. _

"Okay bud are we good", Hiccup said abruptly, panting heavily and staring at Toothless with that same glint in his eyes, "We've been out in this cold, desolate, isolated, and " and smelly woods for so long I can't even remember what clean air smelt like. In fact," Hiccup laughed a somewhat maniacal laugh to himself, _maybe I pushed him a little too far this time, I thought with dread," I'm not even sure this is a forest! From the smell of it I'd say you took me to a giant dragon dung pile! And if you force me to do any more training, I'll come after you myself! YOU HEAR ME YOU STUPID REPTILE!"

I was satisfied.

We then began collecting our belongings, which since this was a kidnapping were only a saddle which was already on Toothless back, blanket which Toothless brought just in case, small dagger that Hiccup almost always carried with him, and the ax Toothless grabbed while flying by the forge shortly after kidnapping Hiccup. Hey, Toothless had no idea they would be spending this much time in the woods. Hiccup usually broke in a day, at the most two, not a whole week!

I knelt down, allowing Hiccup to climb up on his back, which he did rather roughly. Shortly before taking to the skies, Hiccup muttered under his breath, "I'm going to get back at you for this, dragon".

On the ride back Hiccup remained quite " obviously " crossing his arms, and letting out the occasional huff here and there.

A twinge of fear began to creep up my spine, _I hope he cools down before we reach home, or he might actually take revenge. But there was nothing he could do that would bruise my pride, right?_ I paused, _right?_ I began to back track like a mad man, through every single conversation around Hiccup, every individual action around Hiccup, every laugh, joke, prank, meal, flight, journey, and interaction. Thinking back through every morning, evening and night since they we had met, leaving no stone unturned. Even recalling times Hiccup wasn't around out of paranoia.

my confidence built, _He's got nothing on me._

Hiccup suddenly breathed a heavy sigh, distracting me from his thoughts.

"You know Toothless, I'm going to be okay?"

I looked back towards Hiccup.

"I understand your worry", Hiccup said quietly, looking off into the distance as the clouds above dropped a shower of white flakes past us to the ground below, covering the earth in a blanket snow. A cool

wind brushed past from the north, although Hiccup didn't seem to notice, and the world around them became still, "Truth be told, I'm rather scared myself". Hiccup laid the side of his head on the back of my neck.

"What am I going to do" Hiccup said, more to himself then Toothless, "What am I going to do with you after I pass away?"

I was taken back by the question. All this time I had been terrified for Hiccup, loathing over his safety and happiness, stricken with fear for my friend, hoping, no, begging that wherever he went, he would be alright. And all this time, Hiccup was thinking the exact same thing for me. Every attempt for Hiccup to find a successor, somebody, anybody that would take his place was met with failure. I refused a replacement for Hiccup, no matter who it was, even Hiccup's own kin; nothing felt right to me. Hiccup was- no is my rider, my companion and best friend, nobody can replace him not matter what ran through their blood.

At the time I didn't understand the reasoning behind Hiccup's actions. He understood Hiccup didn't want me to be alone for however many years I would live after his death. But I never knew it was out of fear and love for me. I had spent so much time trying to care for him so after he left he would be okay, that I completely overlook his attempts to do the same for me. I

A massive weight descended on my heart; all the stress and fear I had felt over the past year for Hiccup's safety finally boiled over, and against my best efforts, I began to breathe irregularly, creating a wheezing discord of high pitch purrs to low growls.

"Toothless?" Hiccup said, bending forward to better look me in the face. I had locked eyes straight ahead, refusing to look up towards him. Hiccup sat back,

I'm fine Hiccup just - just don't mind me. I

I rarely ever made this sound, never, ever around other people, especially other dragons, only when Hiccup and I were utterly and completely alone.

I was, in dragon form, what humans call crying.

Hiccup sat in silence for a few moments before reaching forward and calmly petting Toothless behind the ears.

The rest of the trip home both dragon and rider sat in silence. That was until landing in front of Hiccup's house. Hiccup jumped off of me just as Astrid came out screaming at the top of her lungs; her face was flushed bright red and heavy bags laid under her eyes.

"HICCUP!"

At the sound of his name Hiccup jumped, turning around quickly and growing pale at what was coming his way.

"Y-Yes my dearest?" Hiccup said, trying his very best to calm his wife. Hiccup wasn't exactly the best at flattery.

A strong fist made direct contact with Hiccups gut. He saw it coming, but made no attempt to dodge it.

"Where on Earth have you been?!"

"Toothlsskidnpdmnwudnltmecombackuntliprctcdwihawepn".

"What? What did you say?"

Hiccup let out a rasp, holding his stomach for several seconds before attempting to stand up straight and look at Astrid.

"Is everything okay Mom? Why does Dad look like he's about to throw-"

"Haldor get back inside right now, your father and I are going to have a little talk!"

Haldor, the youngest of Hiccups five children, standing in the doorway to the house quickly got the hint before shutting the door.

Astrid stared at Hiccup, demanding he continue.

"T-thless kidnapped-

Hiccup coughed violently, laying a hand on me for balance, sounding as though he was about to throw up. With a punch dealt by Astrid to the gut, nobody would have blamed him. If Hiccup wasn't going to take his revenge before, he certainly was now.

"Me. He t-k me into the-middle of nowhere. H-e wouldtake me home until I prac-ed with a w-epon.

Astrid quickly shifted her gaze to me, locking on with the intensity of a thousand burning suns. I knew she still had no idea what Hiccup had said, but she had caught 'Toothless' and 'kidnapped'.

Know let me get something straight, as a night fury there is little in this world that can frighten me: a swarm of bloodthirsty Nadders, no biggie, being surrounded by a group of violent weapon wielding Vikings wanting nothing more then my head on a stick, not a problem, taking down a dragon the size of an entire island, I thought back, _okay maybe that just was a tad scary. But nothing and I mean NO-AH-THING, compared to Astrid when she locked you with her fiery stare. _

I began creeping backwards, shrinking myself as much as possible, hoping I would disappear.

Astrid suddenly let out a sigh.

"Don't scare me like that okay?" She said looking into Hiccups eyes. "I was worried about you two" Astrid said, holding Hiccup's hands in front of him, her eyes glazing over ever-so-slightly although she would never admit it. "I know you two together are some of the most well regarded fighters, but what if you ran into another dragon like the Red Death, what if you died?" Astrid whispered, the idea itself was painful.

The thought had occurred to Toothless but he had never taken it with complete seriousness. He had always shrugged off the idea that something could possibly be bigger than the Red Death out there, but who knows? Maybe a dragon a hundred times larger than the Red Death existed. Hiccup and I must have been thinking the same thing because he was looking somewhat towards the horizon. He quickly snapped out of it a moment later, putting his full attention on Astrid.

"I'm sorry Astrid. I promise you I'll go easier from now on. It's just", Hiccup let out a long sigh shrugging, "I've had a lot on my mind".

Astrid raised her eyebrow in concern and I wondered if Hiccup would share it with her. Hiccup was never one to really share anything that was going on in his life - a habit most likely caused by his childhood - but Astrid seemed to be able to draw a conclusion looking back a forth at us both. Astrid looked up, noticing the sky was getting dark.

"I'm going back in the house Hiccup; don't stay out here too long okay?" Astrid said before hugging him, planting a kiss on his lips, and turning to head back inside.

Right before opening the door Astrid turned and shouted down towards Hiccup, "And if you ever leave me alone with 3 children again you'll be sorry! You get to take care of them for the next week, I need a break", she said before slamming the door.

Now let me get something straight, as a night fury I have been to a lot of places, seen a lot of sights, and met a lot of people and dragons, and never had I seen two people, human, dragon, or any other creature you can think of, more in love than Hiccup and Astrid. Yeah, on the outside you could put forth the argument of an abusive relationship that rendered Hiccup incapable of escaping. But being Hiccup's best friend I understood the deep care both felt for each other. I knew Hiccup would fight the Red Death by himself a thousand times over to save her life. And he would do the same for me, and I for him and Astrid.

Maybe Hiccup wouldn't be so bad after all? I thought, If he has Astrid with him in the after life, she would be there from him, care for him and love him. Even if I never found him again after his death, the thought of Hiccup with Astrid was comforting.

Hiccup looked over to me, "You know, before we got home I wasn't going to take any revenge on you, but after Astrid punched my stomach into my mouth, I might just have too."

I let out a huff, raising my neck in confidence, looking down towards the tiny human.

You got nothing on me; I spent the entire flight back going over every last second of our time together. In the entire time we've spent with each other, I haven't done one single thing worthy of revenge.

Noticing his dragon's confidence, Hiccup began walking away slowly, hands clamped behind him, before stopping suddenly and turning around.

"You know I wonder? Does anybody know what happened when we took that extra long journey across the ocean, you know, the one fifteen years ago?

My entire body froze, eyes flinging open and reducing to slits, ears and neck dropping in utter terror. I had forgotten.

You wouldn't

"I would"

Hiccup turned and ran faster than I had ever seen him run before, directly towards the dragons den.

It took me a second to get over my shock before chasing after him.

Hiccup, wait HICCUP! Slow down there buddy! we can talk this out right? I mean come on it wasn't that big of a " well I mean it was sorta " okay maybe, wait HICCUUUP!

If you're reading this I'm guessing you read it all. If you enjoyed it let me know. If you hated it let me know. If I made any mistakes let me know. I'll try and see when I can get the next one out. I have a basic Idea of how I want to finish it. This was a very spur of the moment awesome writing spree so I don't know when ideas will flow as easily as this again.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2:

The low mumbles and movements of people outside Hiccup's room aggravated me. Everything had quieted down and yet they still felt the need to make noise. Hiccup was close to death, I could smell it: decay. Much of his family had returned from far off lands to give there goodbye tidings before his passing. The funny thing was, however, the word "family" carried with it a very loose requirement. Hiccup and I had visited many places, knew a lot of people, and were well known throughout this part of the world. So "family" basically entailed every man, women and child, human and dragon alike.

The original purpose of this ritual was to show whoever was passing that he was loved and will be missed, that his life had purpose to it. Family members would visit, talk of old times, shed tears and move on. With Hiccup, there was a line outside the door at one point; almost everyone, no wait scratch that, literally everyone in some way could draw their lives back to the two of us.

_Human rituals are tiresome, _I thought. Some had brought flowers, weapons, food and water, rare medicines, survival gear, tents, clothes, and blankets just to name a few. It looked as though Hiccup was throwing a goodbye sale in his bedroom.

Half off everything! This is your last chance to take the personal belongings of Hiccup Horrendous Haddock II before you're technically stealing from a dead man!

I let out a snort. From what I could understand, the thought process of Vikings was this: following Hiccup's death his body would be placed on a boat with all this junk, and the boat would sail out into the sea before being lit on fire by a flaming arrow. Anything Hiccup had with him while on the boat was what he could take with him into the after life. The more stuff you had the better chance you would be comfortable for eternity.

And interesting concept in theory, but the only problem I had with it â€“ a rather obvious one at that â€“ was if you lit the ship and all its cargo on fire, wouldn't all the items arrive in the after life burnt?

I let out a slight chuckle at the thought of Vikings arriving into the after life with a bunch of chard junk.

Hiccup shifted his head slightly against my shoulder. I moved my neck and looked down at him. Hiccup's eyes were closed and a small crack of a smile parted his lips, not an uncommon sight; Hiccup was always comfortable resting against me. To my knowledge, he was the only one who did this. Others had tried it themselves; they all claimed the scales of a dragon hurt and bruised their neck. And this was true. But Hiccup, Hiccup had trouble resting unless he was lying against him. Either way I enjoyed having him close.

He looks peaceful, I thought

The door suddenly opened and a heavy ray of light blasted through from the fireplace outside. Astrid slowly walked in, sitting on a chair next to the bed, holding Hiccup's hand in hers. This stirred Hiccup to reawaken, looking over at Astrid next to him.

"Still in the land of the living I see", Astrid said with a smirk.

"Don't get your hopes up yet, I've still got a lot of fight left in me", Hiccup responded with a smile.

The room fell silent as the only sound that could be heard was the lightly tapping of rain on the outside window, and the crackling fireplace in the other room. Both Astrid and Hiccup were holding back tears; if one let their emotions go, the other would follow in suite.

"Hiccup?"

"Yes Astrid?"

Astrid paused a second before continuing.

"What if this is your last night?"

Hiccup looked at her slightly hurt, "Well you don't have to say it Astrid I mea-"

"Wait, just listen." Astrid paused, "You haven't flown in months and I know you could if you wanted, but you're not. You're not because you're afraid you'll hurt my feelings if I'm not there when you pass."

Do you remember that comment about no two people loving each other more than Astrid and Hiccup?

Hiccup and I looked stunned at what she was suggesting.

"I love you, and I want your last moments to be were you felt most alive. I want you to go on a flight with Toothless tonight, before it's too late", Astrid finally finished.

Hiccup was silent for a while, not sure exactly what to say.

"Astrid I-"

"Don't lie to me now Hiccup." Astrid said fighting back tears with a smile, "If you don't go tonight you may never again; I won't forgive you".

Hiccup shifted his view up to me, looking deep into my eyes, asking for my opinion.

_It's up to you bud, I'm ready if you are. _

Hiccup looked back to Astrid, "You could always read me like a book".

Astrid reached forward and softly kissed Hiccup.

"I'll tell our sons to gather your things. I'll have one of them come get you when we're ready" Astrid said before slowly stepping out of the room, closing the door behind her, letting the darkness surround them both.

Hiccup laid his head back on Toothless shoulder, looking up at the ceiling above. He was deep in thought. I moved my head into his line of sight. I knew he couldn't see anything yet; his eyes were still adjusting to the dark. The only thing I knew he could see were two giant, emerald eyes staring back at him intently.

Hiccup blew wind into my face; it tickled immensely. He chuckled to himself as I desperately tried to scratch my face with mixed efforts from my tongue and paw. I stared back down at him, licking across his face with revenge. He spat in protest.

"Okay, okay you win; I'd rather not be covered in slobber when we go flying".

I huffed, accepting his defeat.

We sat in silence, happy in each other's company until one of Hiccup's kin came to get him.

The night air was cool with the storm clouds above. A gentle rain fell and the Earth smelt damp and cool. I had the majority of straps securely tightened around my waist as Hiccup began to tighten the last one. Crawling out from underneath me, he began going around and hugging each of his children, talking to them individually for several minutes before arriving to Astrid.

_There is a strange force in this world: something beyond magic, something more powerful than the Gods themselves. Something beyond

what Vikings and dragons could begin to comprehend. I was never sure what this force was exactly, but I knew of its existence. I could feel it. Not in the same way one could feel the cool grass below your feet or the gentle touch of a summer breeze. This feeling was beyond interpretation of the senses. After all my years alive, I was still nowhere closer to understanding it; this both angered and mystified me. _

Looking at Hiccup and Astrid, they stared at each, never speaking a word or making a mouth gesture, winking an eye or brushing away a piece of hair. And yet they understood each other, communicating on a level beyond emotions. Communicating to each other in a way only the three of them could. Hiccup and Astrid hugged. No tears were shed. No cries of loss or pain. No grasping hands or buckling knees. Astrid and Hiccup just hugged before pulling away and looking deep into each others eyes. Although neither of them said it, they both knew this was the last time they would see each other for a long time, possible forever.

Hiccup turned towards me, "You ready?"

I snorted in response, w_hat kind of question is that?_

"Okay good because if you could think of a way to get me into the saddle that would be great".

I walked towards Hiccup, sliding my wings down so he could sit on them. I scooped him up and slid him gently into the saddle. He petted me on the back of the neck. Without looking back, as farewells had already been said, I gently took to the skies, gliding over the illuminated Berk below.

"Come on Toothless, what the heck is this! You're flying like I'm a decrepit old man! Don't make my last flight a boring one!"

_He still hadn't changed. Alright, you asked for it! _

I pumped my wings, launching us forward at lightning speed, breaking through the white puffy clouds in seconds; the moon shined brilliantly, illuminating my scales with a milky glow.

I tucked my wings in dropping like a rock towards the ocean below, opening them at the last second, spraying both of us slightly with water. I noticed a wall of rock faces ahead of us. Without even having to say a word Hiccup approved. Ascending quickly I climbed high in the sky, trying to get the highest speed possible in our drop. Breaking through the white clouds once more, I tucked in my wings, and the world became weightless.

It was in these short few moments I felt free.

Hiccup unbuckled his safety strap and did a flip in front of me. We both fell at the same speed, looking downward at the fast approaching ocean, looking up into each others eyes; we both let out a smile of pure joy. Hiccup turned, sliding back into place, buckling back and cocking his foot into the gear.

Dropping at breakneck speed, I began to aim for the stone jungle in front of us. We were ready. I took an abrupt turn to the right, dodging a slew of rock formations, soon to be followed by an obstacle

directly in our path. We shifted weight, allowing for a flip upward around the edge, inches away from taking Hiccup's head clean off. We fell into a rhythmic dance: left, left, flip, right, right left, flip. No Viking and dragon were more in sync with each other than us. Each turn, shift in weight, change in direction, and aerial maneuver was perfectly timed; one soul sharing two bodies.

Escaping from the rock graveyard, we began to ascend above the clouds again, breaking through to the heavens above. Although I could never fully grasp the concept of heaven, it must feel like this: traveling through the air above the clouds on a still night, the light from the moon bathing the world in a dime white; alone with your rider, your companion, your best friend in the entire world.

Hiccup let out a shrill of freedom, raising his hands above his head in joy. I responded by shooting a fireball.

Hiccup laid on his back, looking up towards the stars.

"What an adventure", Hiccup sighed.

I purred in agreement.

"Do you remember that time we got lost after traveling across the ocean, thinking we were headed west but in actuality north?" Hiccup laughed, "And you kept trying to get me to turn but I thought you were trying to get us to go the wrong direction!"

I grumbled, It was funny to you because you weren't flying

"Oh, and the time the Whispering Death mistook you for one of its young."

I shuddered

"And that huge snowstorm that hit Berk that one year, the snow was packed so high that you could pick me up and drop me into it!"

Hiccup let out a laugh.

"Even after all we've done, we still weren't able to do everything. I mean remember the vast cave system we found in the mountains to the Far East! There must have been a million undiscovered dragons in there", hiccup threw his hands up into the air, letting them fall back down towards his chest.

"Or what about the strange stories of an abandoned ghost town across the green ocean. Adventurers said they could hear the cries of a dead dragon that had terrorized the town after the loss of her kin. And then there was the wing attachment I never finished that would allow dragon to fly faster and for farther distances. And we never-"

Hiccup let out a sudden gasp, violently jerking forward and putting his hand directly on my head, looking down towards my face.

"WE NEVER WENT ON A CAMPING TRIP TOOTHLESS!" Hiccup screamed at the top of his lungs.

Hiccup's scream was so loud that it nearly sent me into a panic

"Toothless quick turn around we need to head back right now and grab a tent. If we hurry we could try and just barely slip it in. I could grab the water and fo-no wait we don't need those we only really need a ten-"

I shook my shoulders to try and snap him out of it; it was painful to see him like this.

Logic slowly came back to Hiccup and he relaxed.

"Right, right, sorry about that", Hiccup said rather embarrassed, rubbing the back of his head.

We were both silent for a while, taking in the surrounding before Hiccup crossed his hands on top of my head resting forward.

"Promise me something Toothless".

What is it?

"I need you to promise you'll get over me after I die".

I understood what he meant. What Hiccup feared most of all, more then my safety, was that I would live the rest of my life incapable of moving on, separating myself from other dragons and humans, diving into a deep state of sadness.

To a dragon there is no greater pain then loosing your rider: stories have been told of dragons taking there own lives after their death. Hiccup knew of these stories. Bringing it up out of the blue one time he said, "Toothless, if you ever kill yourself to be with me again, I'll never forgive you." It was as short and quick and direct to the point as that. We never mentioned it again, until now.

What he was asking from me was a lot, and he understood this. Hiccup was so much more then a space occupied on my back; that made is demand all the more challenging.

He locked me with his icy stare, refusing to break until I promised. I looked back up toward him.

I promise you.

Hiccup let out a sigh of relief. He knew my promise may have been empty, I myself had no idea if I could keep it, but there was nothing more he could do; just hearing me say it made him relax slightly. He began petting under my neck in just the right spot. I began to purr.

We traveled late into the night. Neither of us knew how long we had been flying, or what time it was exactly. Both of us didn't want this to end, but I could feel it coming. Hiccup was laying down on top of me, the side of his head against the top of mine, with his arms wrapped around my neck.

His body began to feel cool from the inside.

I felt no emotions: not sadness or loss or anger. A blank slate covered me.

My friend's last memories will not be of me crying. _

A sudden drop of liquid hit the top of my head, tumbling down the side of my neck until being swiftly wiped away by the wind.

"Toothless", Hiccup said in a short voice. He was trying his absolute best to hold back his emotions, a battle he was quickly loosing.

"Toothless, I promise I'll wait for you"

I looked upward into his small green eyes. They were not sad: they stared with strength and determination, pride, pain and beauty. These were the eyes of someone who had seen the world, had taken life by the horns " or in this case, the saddle " never missing an opportunity to live a little more. At this moment I wondered if Hiccup possessed wisdom many hundred of years beyond my own.

"Where ever I go I'll wait for you"

No more tears rolled down Hiccup cheeks. He was past emotions. He only had a short, short while left. What he said now mattered. What he said now would imprint on my mind for the rest of my life.

"I'll find you if I have to"

Hiccup's voice rose in volume; I was fixated on him. This was not the same hatchling I had met many years ago. This man was strong and fearless. Even in death's wake he refused to give up. Times like these made me believe Hiccup was part dragon: a fire boiled deep in his heart, breathing and growing as he spoke.

"I PROMISE YOU TOOTHLESS! I PROMISE!"

I closed my eyes, letting out a soft hum for what he had said. I was unsure Hiccup and I would ever meet again after tonight. Now, not even Thor's army could prevent him from reaching me. He will fight through fire and brimstone to meet again, and when the time comes, so will I.

The sun began to rise on the horizon, as the sky was painted with a crash of red, blue, pink and yellow. I looked up towards him, wondering if he had noticed the vibrant explosion of color.

Hiccup's eyes were closed, and his heart was slowing. His arms clutched around my neck, holding me tight, refusing to let go. His body became cold, chilling my back. His heart was slowing now, and the spaces between the beats were almost infinite.

Thud.

Thud.

Thud.

Hiccup's arms slowly dropped to his side.

Silence.

I turned and began heading to Berk. A piece of myself was lost, taken; a piece that could never be filled. I managed to fly in silence, but the silence was what broke me: I began to wheeze and purr.

On this day, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock II, friend to both human and dragon, peace bringer, tamer of beasts, calmer of seas, discoverer, adventurer, rider and friend.

died.

End
file.